Montego Watt.

19

ANTI-CHRIST:

A POEM;

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE IMMORTALS.

VICE, A RANK WEED, TO FULL LUXURIANCE GROWN,
SPURNS THE WEAK HAND UPREAR'D TO CAST IT DOWN.

ANON.

JAMAICA:
PRINTED BY W. SMART, FOR THE AUTHOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Robert Shawe

Robert Shawe

TO

ROBERT SHAWE, ESQUIRE,

One of His Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace; Captain in the St. Catherine's Regiment of Militia; Attorney at Law, *&c. &c. &c.*

SIR,

WHEN an infamous Character is handed down for the execration of Poſterity, it ſhould not ſtand alone; but, for the honour of Human Nature, the credit of the age, and the efficacy of example, be oppoſed to one which approaches as nearly to perfection as the other does to degeneracy. Virtue cannot appear more amiable than when contraſted with the deformity of Vice. This, I am perſuaded, your own good Senſe will deem a ſufficient apology for introducing ſo Diabolical a Perſonage, as the ſubject of the following ſheets, under the auſpices of a Name juſtly elevated on the ſummit of Public opinion.

I am,

Sir,

With the pureſt ſincerity,

Your devoted, humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ANTI-CHRIST:

A POEM.

HARD is the taſk in theſe degen'rate days,
When lordly Vice monopolizes Praiſe,
To ſtrike unbluſhing Treachery with dread,
Or call down Vengeance on the *guilty head.*
ALL are aggrieved! Embattled hoſts ariſe,
And, ſure as Fate, th' advent'rous Poet dies.
If then ſuch ills await th' indignant Bard;
If univerſal Hate's but his reward;
If rank Impunity muſt roam at large,
And Lawyers, libel-mad, pervert the charge;
If the poor Muſe, for each pathetic line,
In ſtern confinement ſhall unpitied pine;
Or, for ſome meaning which was never meant,
Give in the pillory ſell Rancour vent;

Juſt

Juſt at the option of ſome guilty Elf,
Brimfull of quirks and laviſh of his pelf;
If Truth, notorious Truth, muſt be decry'd,
And Ignorance, like J—s, ſhall preſide;
If the ſage Deputy of Britain's Prince,
Imperfect Law with *perfect Malice* mince,
In thund'ring charges from a wicked Bench,
Feeble the frame, and govern'd by a *wench*;
If Juries, pack'd by P—v—ſt M—ſh-ll's ſkill,
M'L—ch—n like, may damn or ſave at will;
If Wealth or Pow'r can counteract the Laws,
And ſtamp propriety on ev'ry cauſe,
Warp Juſtice from its courſe, protect the Knave,
And, O ye Britons! ſerve but to enſlave;—
Can Innocence one moment be ſecure,
Or Independance ſuch a ſcene endure?
For who, in ſuch a baſe conſpiring age,
Will dare with ſpecious guile a "war to wage."

Far from a Champion, yet I'll dare the worſt,
And ſcourge thoſe Vices which are doubly curſt;

Thoſe

Thoſe *faſhionable* Vices which, now grown
By repetition common, few diſown;
Thoſe Vices which diſgrace the Form of God,
And call aloud for Rigour's rueful rod.
Let me then look around, ſome MAN to find,
In whom th' extreme of VICE and FOLLY's join'd;
Whoſe *Heart*, corrupted to the core, 's replete
With *all the* EVILS which confound a State;
With thoſe deſigns which damn all *nuptial* peace,
Inflicting agonies that never ceaſe!
That *Heart* where Folly 'bides with all her train,
And ſpurs, to deeds of pith, her *favorite* SWAIN.
Within Earth's bounds has Nature ſuch a flaw?
Yes, anſwers Candour, and refers to *****.
Well, Candour, be it ſo; the *cauſe* I'll *try*,
And let his *actions* give my pen the lye.

Thou *ſubtleſt* REPTILE of the human race,
In whom are blended all that's *vile* and *baſe*;
Thou Fiend, of ſpecious manners and addreſs,
Who *friends* or *foes* with ſelf-ſame ſmiles careſs;

Who

Who "beams a radiance" 'mongſt the *little*] *great*,
Yet with the *greater little*, gloometh State;——
To THEE I dedicate my humble lays,
Nor *fear* thy Vengeance, or *expect* thy Praiſe.
Who ſees thee glide adown th' admiring ſtreet,
And with ſoft compliments the million greet,
Nodding, with graceful attitude, ſo kind
As though diſpos'd to leave thyſelf behind;
Who ſees thee tendering the ready hand,
Or hears thee vow, "I'm, Sir, your's to command,"
But muſt conclude thou art each *good man's* friend,
Nor would thy Country, or thy God offend?
Yet who but knows thee confidently, ſwears,
Thou grow'ſt in Treach'ry as thou grow'ſt in years;
Now ripe in Infamy, in manhood's prime,
Thou ſtand'ſt the firſt great MONSTER of the time.

Hail Int'reſt, cementing pow'r! by thee
Guilt oft is allied to Integrity;
They form a partnerſhip (like man and wife)
For years conditionally, or for life;

For

For "better or for worſe" the deeds are made,
And both, buoy'd up with Hope, purſue the Trade.
Ungrateful MISCREANT! can'ſt thou then forget,
Life's gloomy morn, when ſunk deep, deep in debt,
When PROFLIGACY preſs'd thee ſternly down,
And thy heart throbb'd at each DOG-M—SH—L's *frown*,
The philanthropic M—LW—D ſtood thy Friend,
To ſave thee from an ignominous end?
Say, had'ſt thou not in Trade an equal ſhare,
For what, then predilection, is not clear.
Who ever heard th' obſequious name of S****
Renown'd for aught but Doctors-Commons' Law?
In *curtain* ſcenes, where *ſecret* are the *facts*,
THERE S——E may be eſteem'd for *murky* acts;
Where Villains brother Villains will admire,
And ſuch as THEE may to their Praiſe aſpire:
But in the broad-beat *legal* turnpike road,
Thou'rt dull as STENTOR o'er his midnight ode:—
Brought into note by M—LW—D's friendly hand,
What marks of Gratitude on record ſtand?
None—but what agitates the human frame,
And which Dame NATURE bluſhes but to name:

Did'ſt thou not circumvent thy abſent Friend,
And make his int'reſts to thy purpoſe tend;
Did'ſt thou not, artfully, his hard fate mourn,
And ſay, to Clients, he'd no more return?
" Alas! my Friends, your countenance I crave,
" Diſeaſe diſables him—I am your ſlave."
Can'ſt thou this ſimple propoſition ſolve?—
" Clients, be wholly mine, I ſhall diſſolve."
Did'ſt thou not tamper with the ſcribbling tribe,
With Praiſe, with Promiſe, Fallacy, and Bribe;
So that, (for who thy purpoſe could divine)
When thy fond Friend return'd the HOUSE was thine?
But what are theſe compar'd to other crimes,
Which taint the annals of our recreant times?—
But ſchool-boy tricks, to exerciſe the hand
Till more important deeds his ſkill demand.
Thine was, it muſt be own'd, a noble ſtroke,
That, leaping *moral* bounds, renounc'd the yoke.

Thy horrid Perfidies who can relate,
Without adverting to thy future Fate?

Who

Who can detail thy Infamy at large,
In ſimple guiſe, nor ſhudder at the charge?
Who can, with moderation, tell the tale
That Juſtice bids, and Truth dares not conceal?
What if the Heart, familiariz'd to guile,
At breach of ev'ry tie, can work a ſmile?
What if Luſt's gambols, crown'd with ſad ſucceſs,
Eternal Woe entail and deep Diſtreſs,
On ſome poor, paſſive, confidential Friend,
Whoſe ſuff'rings this world, nor the next can end?
For Innocence, to deſperation driv'n,
With eye ſuſpicious, contemplates a Heav'n.
What if by Infamy ſome baſely riſe,
To Poſts fit only for the Good and Wiſe;
Where Juſtice blindly ſhould her ſcale ſuſpend,
Influenc'd not by a warm foe or Friend?
What if dark Cunning warp the helm of State,
To ſpecious purpoſes, beguil'd by Hate;
And ſafely ſcreen'd, beneath Oppreſſion's Laws,
Cruſhing the hated object, gains applauſe?—
Say, can th' enjoyments Earth's gay pleaſures yield,
Reflection's conſcious darts one moment ſhield?

My blood runs cold, when Memory recurs
To deeds that e'en inceſtuous GR——T abhors;
Aye him, that venerable ſtiff-neck'd Sire,
Who for two Siſters felt alike deſire.
He, who, though wrinkled o'er with age and pains,
Feels youthful ardour ſporting in his veins—
A feeble flame, blown up by ways and means,
Which the *grim Letcher* for a moment ſcreens:
That GLOSTER, who, in GEORGE's pious reign,
Dares to come forth on SIN's wide ſtage again;
Deform'd, deteſted, in a LAWYER's guiſe,
Black Arts, profeſſionally, to practiſe—
Practiſed, indeed, with ſuperadded art,
Witneſs the gentle Dame, who *broke her heart*;
Witneſs that Monſter who now fills her place,
Luſt rankling in her eyes, Guilt in her face;
Witneſs Thy ſympathy; Thy *cloſe connexion*;
Thy emulation—*vide*, a Ward's protection:
Why, HE, that *paragon of Beaſts*, muſt yield
To THEE, his junior, the victorious field.

Thou

Thou STALLION-GENERAL of a *Cuckold* age,
In whom HELL's *hotteſt paſſions* madly rage;
How can'ſt thou, with a ſmile, chaſte HYMEN greet,
And the ſtern eye of Indignation meet?
Muſt not a retroſpect to former times
Confirm thy Infamy, renew thy Crimes?
Surely thou'rt gifted with ſome *ſterling braſs*,
To mingle thus with the *Connubial claſs*;
Muſt not each Huſband make the caſe his own,
And meet thy viſitation with a frown?
Such thy great PRINCIPAL, with Miſchief fraught,
When in the ſemblance of a Serpent caught,
Intent on our Firſt Mother's fatal fall,
Like thee accurſt, and overborne with gall;
Like thee he took that ſhape which promis'd fair
To ſerve his purpoſes, and ſtamp deſpair;
Like thee, alas! too ſubtle was his ſpell,
The FIEND ſucceeded, and the *fair one* fell.

When C— confided to thy *Guardian* care
All he on Earth could value or revere,

His ſecond-ſelf—of thy protection ſure;
Who was it made the Innocent a W****?
Why, who but THEE?—the ſelf-ſame *ſpecious* SWAIN
That 'ſcap'd triumphant, inſolent, and vain.
"And what of this?" thou'lt aſk, with jaundic'd eye,
"Have I not paid the *price of Infamy?*
"Did not the *unconſcionable* JURY find
"Large *damages*, the Cynic world to blind?
"Did not the *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* repair
"The *breach*, which *Cornutes* only call unfair?"
Stop, Miſcreant! not ſo faſt;—thy Gold, no doubt,
May waſh, officially, the Records out:
But, from Truth's annals, or the virtuous breaſt,
Can it the breach of tend'reſt Friendſhip wreſt?
Haſt thou not drove him to the laſt deſpair,
Indiff'rent to life's pleaſures or its care?
Doth he not through Dejection's vallies roam,
Without ſtability, without a home?
A mere Non-entity, in Human guiſe,
Whilſt thou his *place*, without a pang, ſupplies.
Polluted by thy *touch*, the *fallen* DAME
Smiles at her Crimes, and glories in her ſhame;

Looks

Looks up to THEE, with faſcinating leer,
And checks the ardour of thy wild career;—
Be abſent but a night from her embrace—
See how the Furies occupy her face!
Rage, Jealouſy, Diſdain, with ſlighted Love,
Storm in her front, and *all the Woman* prove;
Thy CHARMS, like NEPTUNE'S, lull old Ocean's rage,
And griefs, fantaſtical or real, aſſuage;
One kind return—one ſoft, expreſſive glance,
Gilds, with *a ray of bliſs*, the dread expanſe.

Not ſo the WANDERER; to other climes
Deſtin'd to expiate her many crimes:
She too became the victim of thy letch,
Thou hot, inſatiable, guilty WRETCH!
Now loſt, abandon'd to a wicked world,
Forever from a Conſort's converſe hurl'd;
Forever from the ſocial charms of life:
(Doom'd for a time to bear the name of Wife;)
Scarce had her LORD thy viſitation preſt,
When he *cornuted* ſtood, and ſhe *careſt*.

Caſt

Caſt but the eye to that *juvenile* DAME,
She alſo gilds the trophies of thy Fame.
What is Parental wretchedneſs to THEE,
Alike from principle and feeling free?
Know'ſt thou the throbs which a fond Father feels,
When ſome ſad chance the fatal Truth reveals?
Torpid with grief's the Fiend-ſmitten heart,
See the big tear in bitter anguiſh ſtart;
HE beats the hoary breaſt, the paſſions reign,
Peace, wretched Sire, 'tis folly to complain:—
Supremely bleſt, thou contemplat'ſt his ſhame,
HELL in thy Heart—Enjoyment but thy aim.
Round pretty Poſies thy *Deſigns* are wrought;
Thus *pretty Miſſes* are with *flowers* caught;
Flowers of Innocence, the emblem pure,
Serve thy vile purpoſes; thy cauſe enſure.

Had I (thanks be to Heav'n that I have not)
One female Friend, thus fallen but in thought;
A Siſter, Mother, Daughter—nay, a Wife,
Debauch'd, bereav'd of all that's dear in life,

By

By THY curs'd Artifices! naught between
Earth's Canopies, thy plotting Heart ſhould ſcreen;
Deep to the vitals ſhould the dagger reach,
And purge the World of an *obnoxious Wretch;*
Deaf to the rules which Honour's Sons practiſe,
I'd ſend thy black Soul reeking to the Skies;
Nor, when thy corps contaminates the duſt,
Should wiſh undone what Honor ſpeaks is juſt.

SOULS, BASE as THINE, through the great walk of life,
Will act conſiſtently, or calm or ſtrife;
Proud with the *humble;* abject with the *great;*
The trembling Inſtruments of MIGHTY STATE!
Mere *countenance-Thermometers,* which riſe,
Acted upon by Impoſition's eyes;
Or fall at ſummons of the *Haughty Scowl,*
That, all the Paſſions, all the MAN controul:—
But, ſhould ſome *poor proud* WRETCH arouſe its ſpleen,
How chang'd, how alter'd from the *paſſive ſcene;*
Rage rears its creſt, Deſtruction aims the dart,
And Rancour, glouting, hurls it to the Heart!

RANCOUR, enſcreen'd beneath the gen'ral good,
Is, by the many, JUSTICE underſtood;
Under THAT *ſpecious guiſe* it ſtrikes too ſure—
And leaves thoſe wounds *State Doctors* cannot cure;
Swift as th' electric flaſh, it ſpies a flaw,
And cloaks its talons in the *forms of Law:*
For *venial treſpaſſes*, ſome ſlight miſtake,
It wreſts from Induſtry the hard-earn'd ſtake;—
Which, by ſheer Ignorance or want miſled,
Untaught, untutor'd, deſtitute of bread,
May chance t' exceed thoſe rules bad Laws proſcribe
Too plain to flatter, or too poor to bribe:
Eaves-dropping *Rancour*, ever on the ſcent,
Whiſpers the *fatal tale*, and finds a vent.

Let P—NN—K but propoſe a *tilting feat*,
How with contrition thy weak vitals beat:
CREST-FALLEN then, obnoxious to *ſuch ſport*,
The MIGHTY BLUSTERER *is fain to court*;
No *degradation* then is deem'd too mean,
Alike thy carcaſe and thy fame to ſcreen;

Should

Should H—W—LL take thee coolly by the noſe,
And with his heels diſturb thy *rump's* repoſe;
Should he, like many over-bearing Heirs,
Lead thee, all-willing, to the *Office ſtairs*,
And, with a gentle kick, tranſmit thee down,
What would'ſt thou do? Why, fight him—*with a frown!*
Or, if thou could'ſt with reas'nable *eclat*,
Point at his Purſe, *the Inſtruments of Law*;
But not, without departing from thy plan,
Take to the *field*, like any other man.
Poor N—RT—Y, when misfortunes 'gan to low'r,
Exceeded *legal rules*, perhaps an hour;
He did not tend ſo ſcrupulous the drum,
In fact, at *after hours* he ſold his RUM:
All-watchful, THOU, a *Cuckold-hunting*, paſt,
When he, poor wretch, was dealing out his laſt;
Charm'd with the object of thy *night's probation*,
Did'ſt not next morning lodge an Information?
With Cherubimic ſmiles, Rage in thy Heart,
Blown up with Pride, bent on a wicked part;
Vowing *dire vengeance* on that Plebeian's head,
Who toil'd and ſweated *the next door* for bread,

Did'ſt

Did'ſt not to M——LL, that *rich lump of* SIN,
Repair in haſte, and thus thy plaints begin—
" Alas! Great GOGMAGOG, Lord of this Land,
Thou know'ſt my Office, and that Tailor's ſtand,
'Tis a rank nuiſance, Sir; the graſping bear
Keeps all the neighbourhood in awe and fear:
To ſhreds and patches not alone confin'd,
(For ſhreds and patches truly who would mind)
Curſt be his clatter! he muſt keep a ſtore,
And ſtun my ears with an eternal roar;
Jews ball, bells ring, and horrid oaths ariſe,
Whilſt peals of laughter echo through the ſkies:
Nor can I, ROYAL SIR, deſcribe the ſtench,
Alas!—of ev'ry tub, and ev'ry wench;
I'm confident th' *audacious wretch* will breed
Some peſtilence, if ſuffered to proceed:
For this curſt Churl of Hell, I cannot write—
He ſees my pain, and does it out of ſpite.
Great Sire, within that Houſe YOUR WORD is LAW,
Liſt but a moment to th' advice of S****:—
Are not the Records of this happy Iſle
Pent in the walls of that tremendous pile?

Now

Now mark me well, my wonder-working Sire;
Muſt we not guard 'gainſt all-deſtructive fire?
A nuiſance ſuch as this, ſome evil hour,
May that great Dome and all our Hopes devour.
Preſcribe the limits, ſpeak your SOV'REIGN WILL;
I'll *draw*, and you, GOOD SIR, *bring in, the* BILL."
No ſooner ſaid than done; the *Patriot two*
Blend their dull brains, and bear the buſineſs thro':
Great was thy triumph o'er the friendleſs Swain,
He yielded up his Houſe, nor dar'd complain.

Had that poor YOUTH, whoſe ruin thou had'ſt plann'd,
When he, undaunted, dar'd the IMMORTAL BAND—
Dar'd all their FANGS, recorded all their WILES,
Aw'd by no *menaces*, nor won by *ſmiles*;—
Had HE been caſt in THY obſequious mould,
The POET ne'er the *poignant tale* had told;
Nor would that JUDAS, who provok'd thy rage,
Have worn Truth's ſemblance, and diſgrac'd the page.
Rous'd by thy CRIMES, detail'd without diſguiſe,
What, for his downfall, did'ſt thou not deviſe?

Did'ſt thou not thro' th' *Immortal Phalanx* paſs,
From BALAAM's Majeſty to BALAAM's Aſs;
To ſtir up *Libels* of a *hideous* form,
And on his head bring down th' impending ſtorm?—
Such th' Aſſaſſin, when he aims the knife,
Strikes in the ſhade, and takes the Victim's life:—
Hard-fated YOUTH! ſuch was thy lot through life,
To brave rank Jugglers, and to combat ſtrife.
Where is that C——LL, who conſpir'd thy fall,
Spurr'd on by Intereſt, and o'ercharg'd with *gall?*
Where is M——o, whoſe miſanthropic Heart
Gratefully urg'd him to a wicked part?
Where is that Band, who ranc'rouſly combin'd
To root thee from the Annals of Mankind?
Check'd thy career, in the full bloom of youth,
And, in dark myſtery conceal'd the Truth.

Hail, PRUDENCE! meek Impoſtor; thou, I ween,
Can'ſt ſolve th' unuſual Rancour of the ſcene:
Is it not INDEPENDANCE's hapleſs fate
Ever to be at warfare with the GREAT—

To

To laſh their Arrogance, proſcribe their Zeal,
And make *State-Scoundrels* SATIRE's poignance feel;
Give Virtue that fair form ſhe likes to take,
And, in th' obdurate breaſt, its Vengeance wreak.

But what are thoſe th' obſequious World term GREAT?
Why thus diſtinguiſh'd from the *common Cheat?*
Why ſhall rank Knaves, with Wealth and Pow'r bleſt,
Be by the Million's grimaces careſt?
Whilſt the *poor* Villain, having naught to give,
Is ſpurn'd by all, and ſcarce allow'd to live.

Ah, me! what ills o'er honeſt Truth impend!
Where can it find one ſolitary Friend?
HE, who, deſpiſing, ſhuns a wicked World,
Is mark'd by SIN, and to deſtruction hurl'd;
But the *ſheer* HYPOCRITE, who ſmiles and lies,
Charms the gay Circle, and *ſweeps off the prize.*

But

But why ſhall ſuch as *theſe* diſgrace my lays?
Let the *vile* WRETCHES ſtink in fulſome Praiſe;
Let SATTELLITES their various merits tell,
And ſtamp DIVINITY on works of HELL;
Let INFAMY to heights of Power ſoar,
And VIRTUE beg her bread from door to door;
Let HONESTY be ridiculed and ſcorn'd,
And each fond VOTARY of HYMEN *Horn'd*;
Let all the Crimes, the Follies of the age,
In S——E's and the GREAT DOG-STAR's vitals rage.
What is it more to ME than *other* men?
Nay, 'tis loſt Labour to take up the pen;
SATIRE, though pointed, but betrays my Zeal,
HE whom no *Honour* ſways, no *Shame* can feel.

FINIS.

23 JY 68